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ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

The foregoing view of the west end of the Cathedral Church of Saint Patrick, Dublin, exhibits the best piece of Gothic architecture in the kingdom. The stones are from the Tullamore quarry, and are of the most durable description; and the workmanship has been executed by the Firm of Henry, Mullens, and M'Mahon, which, in addition to the north transept recently rebuilt by them, it is but justice to say does great credit to the Firm, who, we are informed, have manifested more zeal for renovating the Cathedral agreeably to its original style of architecture than to any pecuniary profits to themselves. The restoration of this ancient door and window will remain a lasting testimonial to future ages of their taste and abilities as builders as well as a specimen of Irish architecture. The great window has been erected at the sole expense of the Very Rev. Henry Richard Dawson, the present dean of the Cathedral, for which he pays six hundred pounds. The door and other repairs, by the Dean and Chapter, to be paid for by instalments out of the Economy Fund, as circumstances will permit. The great western door now stands six feet under the level of the small modern one that has been removed. You now enter by an easy flight of steps, descending from the street in front of the Church, which has been sunk to the original level of the door when the Cathedral was first built, the street in front having been raised from time to time upwards of six feet, to prevent the frequent inundation of the Poddle river, which runs in front of the church; but those inundations have of late years been entirely prevented, by removing mills and other obstructions, and frequently cleaning the bed of the river. It is hoped that the munificent example of the Dean will be followed by the Archbishop of Dublin and the dignitaries and prebendaries of the Cathedral, together with the Knights of St. Patrick, by putting in a new window each, at their own expense, thereby restoring to its pristine grandeur this venerable pile, which has nearly stood the lapse of seven hundred years, having been built by John Comyn, the first English Archbishop of Dublin, shortly after the conquest, when King John was lord of Ireland, in 1190. Since that period the Cathedral has suffered in common with other public buildings in Ireland during the civil wars. It was suppressed, and its revenues seized on by Henry the Eighth. During the reign of Edward the Sixth, the Cathedral was appropriated to the Courts of Law, and the Manses of the Canons to the officers of those courts, but was again restored by Philip and Mary in as full and ample a manner as it had been enjoyed at any time before its dissolution, during the civil wars between the parliament and King Charles the first, when Cromwell was in Dublin, he made the Cathedral a stable for his horses, and it has caused much surprise how so many of the monuments escaped the destruction of his fanatic soldiers. After the restoration it was again converted to the pious purposes of its original founders; and a new charter, with additional grants of land made by King Charles to the Vicar Choral. The interior of the Cathedral, during the last twenty years, has been much improved and large sums of money expended on the organ, which is reckoned the best in the kingdom. Much still remain to be done towards restoring this ancient structure, the funds of which are so small, the Dean and Chapter have had to borrow money on interest for the purpose of executing these late necessary repairs.

"A FOREST ON FIRE."

From the vicissitude of season which takes place in the temperate clime we inhabit, the inhabitants can form but a very faint idea of many of the miseries experienced by settlers in less favoured lands. Among others the frequent fires which take place in the forests, and which, sweeping like a flash of lightning, or with the effect of a tornado, devastate the entire country for miles around. The following awful description of one of these "forest fires" we copy from that justly celebrated work relative to

the Birds of the united states of America, from which our readers will remember we some weeks since quoted the interesting account of the "Habits of the Turkey." M. Audubon relates it as from the mouth of an individual who witnessed it, and thus described its effects:

"About twenty-five years ago, the larch or hackmatack trees were nearly all killed by insects. This took place in what hereabouts is called the 'black soft growth' land, that is, the spruce, pine, and all other firs. The destruction of the trees was effected by the insects cutting the leaves, and you must know that, although other trees are not killed by the loss of their leaves, the evergreens always are. Some few years after this destruction of the larch, the same insects attacked the spruces, pines, and other firs, in such a manner, that before half a dozen years were over, they began to fall, and tumbling in all directions, they covered the whole country with matted masses. You may suppose that, when partially dry or seasoned, they would prove capital fuel, as well as supplies for the devouring flames which accidentally, or perhaps by intention, afterwards raged over the country, and continued burning at intervals for years, in many places stopping all communication by the roads, the resinous nature of the firs being of course best fitted to ensure and keep up the burning of the deep beds of dry leaves of the other trees.

"I dare say that what I have told you brings sad recollections to the minds of my wife and eldest daughter, who, with myself, had to fly from our home, at the time of the great fires. I felt so interested in his relation of the causes of the burnings, that I asked him to describe to me the particulars of his misfortunes at the time.

"It is a difficult thing, Sir, to describe, but I will do my best to make your time pass pleasantly. We were sound asleep one night, in a cabin about a hundred miles from this, when about two hours before day, the snorting of the horses and lowing of the cattle which I had ranging in the woods suddenly awakened us. I took my rifle, and went to the door to see what beast had caused the hubbub, when I was struck by the glare of light reflected on all the trees before me, as far as I could see through the woods. My horses were leaping about, snorting loudly, and the cattle ran among them with their tails raised straight over their backs. On going to the back of the house, I plainly heard the crackling made by the burning brushwood, and saw the flames coming towards us in a far extended line. I ran to the house, told my wife to dress herself and the child as quickly as possible, and take the little money we had, while I managed to get to catch and saddle the two best horses. All this was done in a very short time, for I guessed that every moment was precious to us.

"We then mounted, and made off from the fire. My wife, who is an excellent rider, stuck close to me; my daughter, who was then a small child, I took in one arm. When making off, as I said, I looked back and saw that the frightful blaze was close upon us, and had already laid hold of the house. By good luck, there was a horn attached to my hunting clothes, and I blew it, to bring after us, if possible, the remainder of my live stock, as well as the dogs. The cattle followed for a while; but, before an hour had elapsed, they all ran as if mad through the woods, and that, Sir, was the last of them. My dogs, too, although at all other times extremely tractable, ran after the deer that in bodies sprung before us, as if fully aware of the death that was so rapidly approaching.

"We heard blasts from the horns of our neighbours, as we proceeded, and knew that they were in the same predicament. Intent on striving to the utmost to preserve our lives, I thought of a large lake, some miles off, which might possibly check the flames; and urging my wife to whip up her horse, we set off at full speed, making the best way we could over the fallen trees and the brush heaps, which lay like so many articles placed on purpose to keep up the terrific fires that advanced with a broad front upon us.

"By this time we could feel the heat; and we were afraid that our horses would drop every instant. A singular kind of breeze was passing over our heads, and the

glare of the atmosphere shone over the day light. I was sensible of a slight faintness, and my wife looked pale. The heat had produced such a flush in the child's face, that when she turned towards either of us, our grief and perplexity were greatly increased. Ten miles, you know, are soon gone over, on swift horses; but, notwithstanding this, when we reached the borders of the lake, covered with sweat and quite exhausted, our hearts failed us. The heat of the smoke was insufferable, and sheets of blazing fire flew over us in a manner beyond belief. We reached the shores, however, coasted the lake for a while, and got round to the lee side. There we gave up our horses, which we never saw again. Down among the rushes we plunged by the edge of the water, and laid ourselves flat, to wait the chance of escaping from being burnt or devoured. The water refreshed us, and we enjoyed the coolness.

"On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the woods. Such a sight may we never see! The heavens themselves, I thought, were frightened, for all above us was a red glare, mixed with clouds of smoke, rolling and sweeping away. Our bodies were cool enough, but our heads were scorching, and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as nearly to break our hearts.

"The day passed on, and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside us, and others swam across to our side and stood still. Although faint and weary, I managed to shoot a porcupine, and we all tasted its flesh. The night passed I cannot tell you how. Smouldering fires covered the ground, and the trees stood like pillars of fire, or fell across each other. The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over us, and the burnt cinders and ashes fell thick about us. How we got through that night I really cannot tell, for about some of it I remember nothing. * * *

"Towards morning, although the heat did not abate, the smoke became less, and blasts of fresh air sometimes made their way to us. When morning came, all was calm, but a dismal smoke still filled the air, and the smell seemed worse than ever. We were now cooled enough, and shivered as if in an ague fit; we removed from the water, and went up to a burning log, where we warmed ourselves. What was to become of us I did not know. My wife hugged the child to her breast, and wept bitterly; but God had preserved us through the worst of the danger, and the flames had gone past, so I thought it would be both ungrateful to Him and unmanly to despair now. Hunger once more pressed upon us, but this was easily remedied. Several deer were still standing in the water, up to the head, and I shot one of them. Some of its flesh was soon roasted; and, after eating it, we felt wonderfully strengthened.

"By this time the blaze of the fire was beyond our sight, although the ground was still burning in many places, and it was dangerous to go among the burnt trees. After resting awhile, and trimming ourselves, we prepared to commence our march. Taking up the child, I led the way over the hot ground and rocks; and, after two weary days and nights, during which we shifted in the best manner we could, we at last reached the 'hard woods,' which had been free of the fire. Soon after we came to a house, where we were kindly treated for a while. Since then, Sir, I have worked hard and constantly as a lumberer; but thanks be to God, here we are safe, sound, and happy."

EMMA.

E'en as the ray that decks the lucid tear,
Which, in the summer's morn, bedews each tree;
My little girl—as sweet, as mild, as dear—
The smiles of innocence we owe to thee:
May they adorn thee when thy childhood's past—
Thy loving parents' pride and hope, to see,
And that those smiles we gaze on then may last,
Are all, sweet little one, we wish for thee.

TAMBOURGI.

THE TWO MARRIAGES.

He had wooed her in the spring time, when both of them were young,
With love's first passion in his heart, its ardour on his tongue;
He had won her, they were wedded, when the beautiful and bright,

In summer morning's sunshine, were bursting into light;
When music waked around them, and spoke in every tone,
He clasp'd her to his bosom—his beautiful, his own!

The crimson rose was blushing through her sparkling gems of dew,

And the treasures of her odour came on every air that blew;
The deep deep azure o'er them as stainless was and bright;
As their own young spirits, kindling in love's ecstatic light;
And thus, ere sorrow shadow'd o'er their sunny morn of life,
And when every pulse was glowing, he had taken her for his wife.

Oh the summer waves of pleasure how rapidly they glide,
While it seems the fullest flowing, 'tis the swiftest ebbing tide;
For rapture was not meant for earth, and joy it may not last—
One tranced moment round the soul their glory they may cast;
Yet, oh, 'tis but a moment, in a world so false and vain,
Where the links the soonest riven are the brightest in the chain.

* * * * *
The funeral knell hath sounded, and the shroud is round her cast;

He hath looked upon that heavenly face, the last time, aye, the last.

Oh for the sickening anguish that comes when all is o'er,
When the sunlight that had blessed and warmed is gone for evermore.

His heart and home are desolate; his path is now alone
Mid scenes where memory broadeth o'er her sad and silent throne:

And, oh, though sweet the odours that come back from vanished years,

The loveliest, they are but distilled from withered flowers by tears:

His soul within him drooping, he sought the crowded hall,
And wandered, like a spectre, through the garish midnight ball;
Bright glances flashed around him, and lovely forms were there,
Whose fairy footstep's falling, seem'd as noiseless as the air;
But he turned them from their smiling, for his heart could not reply

To mirth, it could but echo back the lone and stifled sigh.

He stood within the casement—the moon was dim and cold,
As slowly through the murky clouds in solitude she rolled;
When softly o'er his saddened ear a voice of music stole,
And breathed along each sorrowing chord within the mourner's soul.

He turned, and, lo, a gentle form, with brow and cheek so pale,
They reflected back untinted the snowy moonlight's veil;
Her moistened eyes are gleaming with a soft and tender ray,
While she seeks to win his spirit from its heavy thoughts away.
Oh! the heart of man is changeable, he hath turned him to the maid;

And the power of beauty's magic o'er his soul again hath played,
Again he bends him at her shrine, again he breathes the vow;
But oh, how coldly spoken, how uneloquently now.

He hath wooed her, they were wedded, when the year was near its close,

And the last pale leaf was scattered of the autumn's lingering rose;

When the fitful breeze came sighing, and the forest leaves were sere,

And nature seemed as mourning o'er the beautiful summer's bier.
He kneels before the altar—hath his heart responded true?
Doth memory call no vision up to haunt the bridegroom's view?
The vows that he had spoken, can he plight them there once more

With all the truth and ardour that he plighted them before?

Oh, no, that may not, cannot be; such thought is idle, vain,
To that which first inspired his voice—*this love is but a name*.
'Tis true her young heart's fondness was devoted all to him,
But the altar where that heart was laid its fire was wasted, dim.
He might bid her at the board and hearth the vacant place to fill,
But a lingering longing in the heart will speak it vacant still:
Though her voice be sweetly tuneful, it will vibrate on a string
That ever echoes mournfully, "twas thus she used to sing,"
'Twas thus the first enchantment round my youthful heart was thrown,

And, aye, that charm remaineth first, clearest, best, alone.